I Love the Number Sixty-Nine: One Hundred Beautiful Love Poems

One Hundred Original Poems

by

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Je t'aime

mon amis de Paris

Je t'aime beaucoup.

Haiku My Way Up

Life is a steep hill
but do I mind? I want to
Haiku my way up.

And as We Reach our Journey’s End

Our beginnings never know our ends.
Are our passions wrong or right?
We hide away so, we tell our friends
it is the world that gives us fright.

We have wondered much of late
whether it’s lust, or is it love?
What could possibly be our fate
when of each other we have had enough?

I am quite sure you would understand
as through the afternoon in bed we talked.
Then I felt the coldness of your hand
and your indifference as you dressed.

Our candour is our Achilles heel –
t’is always best to tell the truth
and tell the other how you feel,

before bitterness takes it root

And as we reach our journey’s end
have we not much happiness to recount
will we remain true, loved friends,
or perhaps ... sadness is all that life’s about?

All That I Will Have to Remember You By

It is the middle of the night,
and I miss you oh so much.
I have written you a poem
and now I will try to sleep

What dreams may come
when I shuffle through the night.
I miss you oh so much ...
you won’t be here when I wake up

But at the very least I know
the words I wrote will remind me
of you, and that’s perhaps
all that I will have to remember you by

And Shadows Will Creep Away

My shadow crept across the floor
It stretched as far as time permit
and marched its way beyond the door
far into the empty hall beyond.

It mark the impending step of time
when friendship lasts a little while
and misadventures are a crime
boxed as a captive on trodden tiles.

What does one do as sadness comes?
When grief and sorrow and pity lands
hard upon a worn out face that some
short moment before knew great happiness.

It says "*trust no one!*" surely not yourself!
Go to and hide behind your shadow.
Do not bear to show your face
on which tears stream pitied, lo.

Let this outcast light creep away.
The darkness comes and hide. Let no
one touch your solemn heart, pray
set yourself against the world … go …

End not as a forgotten captive
of the misdeeds of others, who
choose not to understand your life
and do what tortuous harm they do.

Well, a person cannot be an isle …
done entire of themselves, they say.
Yet I know fate will, in a while
lend lasting refuge from rueful days.

And shadows will creep away
do mischief to others, fear
do return when some unfutured day
my eyes forever are dried of tears.

I wish not to be left alone,
far from even you, my shadow …
Friend, if time heals all earthy wounds
seek me not too long tomorrow …

For then I shall be your shadow
and creep across your trodden floor
to whisper quietly into your ear
that I am here no more.

Joy Blossoms Forth

At birth there was a precious seed
no bigger than a mote of fluff
from whence there grew with term
a sprig, much cherished and beloved.

The water, earth, sun and wind
lent this little babe its life.
From this small sprig there grew
the majesty of beauty and of youth.

With the passage of scarce time
the sprig became a bush then tree.
Its branches sprouted forth and buds
appeared, proclaiming loss of innocence.

Upon this gentle tree then sprang
leaves set against the bursting winds
which nourished so sweet a thing
first issued forth this month of march.

Such beauty did then blossom forth!
Oh sweet flower stay with us awhile
I beg you not to float to earth, before
I have a chance to share my love.

What guise is this, this pink fragrance
that scatters forth upon the breeze?
It is unsullied snow, I think,
gracious and lovely as herself.

At birth there was a precious seed
no bigger than a mote of fluff
from whence there grew with term
a sprig, much cherished and beloved.

Here today for such brief time
kept as remembrances tomorrow.
A sad flower never blossoms full.
Life is too short to abide in sorrow.

As the water, earth, sun and wind
helped the gentle tree to grow
so too will hope and love
lift a sad heart to paradise.

The cherry blossoms only when
life is radiant and feelings warm
Existence springs from happy thoughts
True beauty floats above the world.

When your heart is sad, remember

somewhere not far above your woe
there is a paradise of love in which
you will find a peaceful friend.

That What Makes Me King

Love and Lust, Croesus' touch
Is everything ever enough?
We fancy all, our paradise found
until it just comes crashing down.

What then we ask?
We have our health.
But not our wealth.
Foul weather friends … perhaps.

Long wrinkles on our honest face.
Gray hair and an aged grace.
Wisdom gained through our malchance
and misfortune's many happenstance.

Neither empire, nor clothes have we
to hide our person's indignity
We are ourselves and not much more
Are we really, truly poor?

Do we need love? I guess we do
As for lust, does any count matter.
Lift me to the happiness of day
amidst the pillows of soft maternity.

Wealth is hidden somewhere else perhaps
In words, why not in words?
Gold coinage long do not here last
when humanity is our pressing trade.

Who remembers Shakespeare’s banker?
The cloth cut by Milton’s tailor?
A sweet from Albert’s baker?
Aye or Joyce’s doctor, who?

Care not, we have more pressing
Matters, which pricks our fancy
amidst soft folds, love’s perfume
and pleasures – that what makes me king.

The Tuscan Women Know

Beyond the trees, set rows
away from the tortuous sun
the Tuscan women know
to wait, for they who come.

The threshing's 'nere over
The dry hay heaped, pile high
Tired men return sombre
From the endless fields, bye

the bye, our drink await us.
Come our wilful mates
with us into the shade, lust
we for that that cannot wait.

What could be worst, the burden
we carry in our heavy pouch,
or the sun that seeks to murder
us? Snatch we our lunch.

Set us back. Feed us your pears,
sweet figs, plums and apricots. Come
be happy with us. Lay us bare and
wipe our brow clean, 'til we be done.

Then let us sleep our dreams,
head set upon soft pillows.
And know what pleasure means
Watching clouds above us billow.

Our toil can wait 'till

the afternoon is near set.
Hide us behind your hills …
let dry our sweat.

Far as we can see
restore us by your pleasure
Esrt happy we shall be
to sleep deep within our treasure.

Past these Hours … at Twilight's Gate

I howled at the moon
The moon frowned back
It floats a shiny balloon
Alight against the black.

Above the sombre of this bay
Soft temper reflected twice
Once from a face, again away
Over calm waters, still and nice.

Who brands me! A lunacy
Amongst sane people, maybe not.
As for I, pray let me be
And you, just don't get caught.

For us all, night’s madness waits
Even genii, in spirit and in thought
Past these hours … at twilight’s gate
When respite cannot be bought.

I shed now all my clothes
And make my way to bed
In fear my eyes I close
For I may soon be dead.

Awake I can do know
The passage of measured time
A heart that beats, the blow
A damaged neck and spine.

But when I sleep I cannot tell
A dream from what is real
My life it is a hell
Soon to heaven I may steal.

These words that I do light
I scribe by inconstant moon
And you my friend just might
By chance, ere tu, you join me soon.

Like Strong Coffee

In this world, unknown
the real becomes surreal,
normal becomes absurd
Nothing is what it seems!

To live in this world,
the possible becomes the impossible
the truth, anything but …
You try to hide form reality,

To escape all your thoughts
Then something strawberry appears!
Soft, sweet and succulent
Paris' match – Gaulique!

Like strong coffee … a cup
Petite yet not so fragile.
Everything has changed, here
is something I wish known

You try to hide
from your thoughts,
but all you can imagine
is sugar and spice …

No Going Back

There is a before,
And there is an after, as well
As no going back

So Near Yet Distant Can It Be

But soft this moon lit night
sits gentle atop the bay
opposed by Cassiopeia's might
it whispers … whats it say?

Look down upon its mortal men
far shores reached by handsome few.
It circles earth but once again
before this month is through.

It brings the surges, mighty wash
to cleanse the kindly soul.
Upon emotive shores are tossed
the gallant, strong and bold.

Betwixt the twenty days and eight

wild ostriches and elephants do roam
Those games that men and woman wait
to play get written up in poem.

The stars do twinkle oh so bright
each and every one so named.
Their passion do draw us fright
then calmness once they came.

That little death we die
for our two fortune’s sake.
Once more again we try
and pray our efforts take.

So near yet distant can it be
the gentleness of newfound youth
when seventy and two hundred days,
sees grand issuance of human truth.

The other side we dare to hide
we cannot find the words.
In emptiness our hearts abide
the pitied, barren and the hurt.

Yet soft, a moon lit night
sits gentle above the bay.
Behold such beauteous sight

Blue eyes … cast newborn gaze.

You Can See That in My Math

I am Bohemian
… really I am

I am as flighty as the clouds
The rain is my tears

The sky is never gray
My sun, it shines all the time

The Caravan of my life
Never lingers long in one place.

Numbers define my universe
Expanding, I mathematique!

Genius is how God thinks
of me, no dust in my eyes.

The rest of humanity, well
seems to sleep unsettled.

My calculation is sinh(x).

Everything important is relative

You can see that in my math
Really … I am bohemian.

The Cat Lept Off

The pussy sat on her lap
It purred as she stroke it
Forth and back, and then she tapped
To keep the pussy happy. Sit!

It wanted to sit. Stay
But it would not. It grew
Warm to her touch. She played
awhile. It purred softly. Knew

she its buttons, its nose. Whiskers too and fro.
She softly pawed, fanged but could not stop.
She squirmed, meowed, but could not go
As, she was content to be a top.

She ran her fingers to and fro some more.
The cat shuddered. She lept off
Not once, not twice, she did keep score
A perfect count, but could not get enough,

Let Us Portray All Things of Beauty in our Art

Let us portray all things of beauty in our art
that is the essence of life and light.
And praise the dignity of our heart
speak majestic words, both good and right.

Our dreams are creativity found
by colour, perspective and curved lines.
We draw the measure of all around,
the dissimilar, disjoint, the rough, the kind

What difference is there between art and life …
Between future, present or past?
That what delivers our happy strife
the fleeting or the things that last.

If artists are not the ones to lift
up the sad and forgotten man
what there is worth our god given gift
For is there anyone else who really cares?

The Strong have Conquered Us the Weak

We know despair, we always do
Through the loss of beauty, something sacred.
A goddess perhaps keeps watch so
Nemesis does, in due course we are punished.

Grand monuments crumble, our city disappears
Darks shadows overtake the light.
The hollow wind wails in anguish, the end is near
Before long we shall lose our fight.

We are mortal! The passage of time seems endless.
Our thoughts once writ are easily forgotten, so they say.
So let us etch them in stone and make them priceless
This shall outlast our lives by many a day.

But once the last of us has spoke
Who then can understand of what we speak?
Our lives, our loins drift away like smoke
The strong have conquered us the weak

They castrate us, then cut out our tongue.
Our offspring are cast in the river
they roast those parts from us that they have rung
The rest wait their fate, in fear they weep and shiver

Our broken shields they pound to ploughs
The gold we called our own recast

their king in time becomes renown
and our fate becomes a long forgotten past.

Many centuries hence you'll stand
where once I bled, a testament to life.
Left to whither in the sun, to a last man
we all, staked to suffer a tortuous strife.

The buzzards have gathered to pick our bones
Our flesh has cooked here in the sun
They fight amongst the ruins of our homes
Their boundless feast has just begun.

The Majestic Beauty of Womanhood

In the tree's shadow …

Close your eyes and imagine all
Am I your Adam, a pear green?
Eve savour the taste after the fall.
No shame for what we have been

For hidden beneath the outer sight
under layers, much layers of soft cloth
is that what draws us towards the light

like twilight’s flighty, violent moths.

The string that binds your shame
lay tangled, naughty, moving still.
This time will pass, do then beware
is this what your wish or will?

Venture I into the valley below
and climb glacier’s high
peel back the skin that glows
of crimson flush and do we sigh.

We are at heaven’s gate
Glance back, peer forward, stand proud
Our patience melts, we cannot wait
We cannot live atop a cloud.

Step us then out of paradise
To slip the bounds of our regrets
and uncover what is so nice.
Lay you down upon your dress.

Let my finger tips caress with leisure
the wholeness of you, from toe to head
and your body now flush with pleasure
will fill with warm perfume our soft bed

Where is hid the body’s lair, its treasure?
Let me trace out the geometry of your curves
let ascending breath set the measure,
the gauge, the crackle, the current of electric nerve

My moist tongue will kiss both lips
Those painted pink, and those pinked dreamed
And suckle at your hidden tips
that little boy, less hidden seemed.

And split the fruit, to plant the seed,
but first furrow, the fertile and the soft
Lunge not esrt ‘til thrust agreed.
The serpent has found its loft.

And I now still, you less so
The grace and majesty of you
From above admiring all I know
Stop I and let you finish what’s to do.

We two ascend back to the clouds, thou more.
You switch me unto my back
Then I lend to all in store
And you have set me trapped.

Oh … oh … oh … how much further must we go?
I try but I cannot wait no longer

Touch you your fingers to my lips, you know
Please wait … please wait … be stronger.

Then your lyrical dance beyond mere words
profane perfection of the human mind
oh, heavenly singing of this bird,
the majestic beauty of womankind.

Is That Not Enough?

There is hollowness in words
Spoken, yet not heard.
The numbness comes by itself
and knows to stay awhile.

We can't seem to go forward.
Are we friends …. just friends?
Not strangers, nor lovers.
We are what we were, of late.

And tomorrow, like all yesterdays
No different, yet much the same.
Will anything change? Probably not!
For we are just friends, is that not enough?

Conceptions as to What Perhaps May Be

With women, as with flowers
Bright pollen bursts from within
Carried by the wind before the tower
That dare cast shadows on our sins.

The secret splendour of a dream
avant tout le monde, garde
ton Coeur! Fear not what somehow seems
take the very easy, not the very hard.

Can our will sit at boundary's reason
Set it not down at life's centre
The wind it changes with each season
Your fragile heart so too will render

What thoughts precede our actions, let's see
Is it joy and happiness we sought
Conceptions as to what perhaps may be
The price we've paid for what we've bought

Set on! Otherwise unhappiness will be your lot
And vulgarity life's certain fixity
The nonsense, reason and myth all got
From Heraclitoris' self-righteous deity.

Par chance, je suis malheureux, et ce n'est
pas votre, ni ma faute, ni celle de la vie.
In seconds, minutes, hours and days
what awaits my lot, we all shall see.

She Had Not Much Yet To Grow

Laura de France, la Lyonesse
She tries to understand her heart,
and find true happiness in what is best
The full pleasure that is the part.

She sits and ponders where does love begin?
In the mind, or in some other place?
She worries about where and when it ends
The kind, the measure and the case.

As she sits a blue butterfly dances by
She plays she paws at the air
Then lets out a misfit sigh.
It floats away. Why should I care?

With her sad eyes she looks around
Alone, surrounded by snivelling cubs
Who stumble the part and whine the sound.

Silly little things she knows to snub.

They are little awkward boys.
Her majesty they understand nought.
All led by their pendant toys.
Flesh and conquest it's all they sought.

Laura, you are our concubine they growl
La Lyonesse she knows what she lacks,
But again they begin to hunt, to prowl
When she rolls unto her back.

The afternoon sun feels good to her
as she lays in the shade of a solitary tree.
Her pride, her warm breast, her soft fur
She wants quiet … oh let me be!

Then a cub, her tail tugs he
She hissed and cried out
How dare you touch me
Then more join in the bout.

They jump on her, they maul
She fought them off as best she can
They paw her belly, then a growl
Things end as fast as they began.

The Master of the Pride arrives.
He struts with majestic step
This, his daughter, his newest bride
He came to claim, and to protect.

Laura sat up and with raised head
Sneered over at the fearful set
Never will I share your common bed
Somewhere else, your pleasure get!

She turns her back and strides away.
She swings her tail to and fro
To bask in the remains of the day,
She had not much yet to grow.

Until

She was a little
girl until her breasts burst, and
she began to bleed.

Rhyme Time

Clip … clop

Flip … Flop
Hip … Hop

Hippy … Dippy
Really … Lippy
Silly … Sally

Hilly … Filly
Filly … Fanny
Billy … Willy

Oh … no
So … Slow
Don't … go

Kind … smile
Fine … guile
Mine … awhile

> Clop… Clip
> Flop … Flip
> Hop … Hip
>
> Dippy … Hippy
> Lippy … Really
> Sally … Silly

Filly … Hilly
Fanny … Filly
Willy … Billy

No … oh
Slow … so
Go … don't

Smile … kind
Guile … fine
Awhile … mine.

She is the Minatrice

Her eyes are verdant green,
As was her succulent soul.
Looking at her, she did not seem
so outgoing, to be so bold.

Yet by her actions, bold she was…
not held back, and brash as well.
What appetites! Pray, what does
she – what faint heart can tell.

She stalks the moon lit night
and seeks, as she must, new prey.

She longs until things are set right
then is transformed until the day.

Her crimson lips seek onto all
As she keeps you, her catch, so close
Her soft, hunger is your fall …
before long she somehow grows.
She knows all there is about you.
She folds your precious petals back
Devouring your hidden truth, too
private to be shared … yet nothing lacks.

She is the Minatrice, half-lust
Half-love, ready to die
or be consumed. She offers, she must.
Unsuspecting, you cannot look in her eyes.

What does he see, but her soft lips
Perhaps her bare femality
Entranced is he by inviting hips
He does not sense familiarity

Of what she is … half beast
Ready to feast … to sup
To take from him the least
That he is prepared to give up.

As he lays with her, he does not sense
the grave danger he is in, not a breath.
She smothers him with her presence
until he is wrapped and clothed by death.

Then she finishes off her feast
She draws apart his limbs, one by one
He feels nothing, he is asleep
The pain, one fast slice … he comes

And so the Minatrice is satisfied.

Where Does Lost Time Go

Where does lost time go
at the end of each day?
Ask! No one can honestly say
‘cause no one truly knows.

Alas, do the soft clouds
ever lay down their tired heads?
Well … where are their beds
as they drift all around.

And the poor, gentle wind
whispers back, sadly apart

sharing secrets of the heart
as it gathers up our sins.

When the sun banes to sets
Upon the distant waters
Can we see the sea boil
and hear the oceans' hiss?

After evening's sunset
the stars they do appear here
silently coy as if this were
the first time they have met.

When our daily toil is ended
and we are robbed of lust
are we then crumbled dust …
are our frail sense offended?

Alas, when the sun again
appears afresh in the morn
Are all our dreams forsworn?
The hard night did pass in vain?

When from our sleep we do rise
with the dark passage of time
More words, that together do rhyme
Sweep across our furrowed minds.

Ask me where lost time goes
One instant it is here
And then next it is there
Don’t ask … no one knows.

I Know Not Beauty, I Know Not Sin

All that eyes
	Do seek
All that hearts
	Do find
All this is inside
	My troubled mind.

Enter my hope
	All is well
Enter my fear
	I cannot tell
Enter my illusions
	All is hell.

On time
	In faith
On hope
	In pain

On that all

Is the same.

We know

Things different

We find

We are mislaid

All is lost

I do not care.

I know not

… beauty

I know not

… sin

I only know

What is within.

She Creates Her Own Harness

His world is his needle

Everything that he is

exists in his small pen

that pierces through her flesh

She can't see how he got in

She can’t find her way out
She is captured, then tied down
forced against her will … out of her mind.

Once he is in, he is in.
Her world shrinks to nothing
She hides her agony well
He has her hunger and her thirst.

Her’s is a cry of desperation
A hope for her chance
He pumps into her
oblivious of her pain.

When it has become inevitable
he tires. Rest will soon be at hand.
He is blinded by his banner
She, well hidden by her shame.

Then she wakes, then she shakes.
her dream has left her wet.
She creates her own harness.
A fantasy to escape her lonely life.

One Can Find Summer’s Happiness

Amongst the warmth and light of an August afternoon
Amongst the clouds and raindrops too
Even in a world so much at odds and ends
One can find summer’s happiness.

It is the gleam of sunlight on the ocean
Reflecting off the hair of a strawberry beauty
Who has shared, an afternoon delight with me
And I so unprepared for things … things best left unsaid

Summer bliss, of memories and desires
Of gracefulness, that floats by overhead
Castles – a Princess’ realm, blown by
immeasurable peace and newfound worlds

That sensation of floating, heralded by perfume
The essence of hidden flowers … of pink butterflies
Oh in such an Auguste place
One can find summer’s happiness.

From Which Learns He

I supped the nectar
from the flower, a rose

in full bloom.   Let there
be no fuller place posed

The barb, it pricks
It draws fresh blood.
With my lips I lick
my tongue I did so rub

Across the soft petals
set apart, one left … one right
Rich pink velvet nettles
that sail away the night

And within? What is there
but Ulysses journey
The epic land laid bare
From which learns he

of gardens and delights
of sea-nymphs that beckon
him – have no fright!
sail your ship right upon

Venus' shoal, a pons
that spans gulfed ground
An island held tightly on
the figure of one's hand.

Such wistful bliss
and music – the song flows
From a mouth far amiss
a face he well does know

The waves they came, they crashed
And suddenly they were gone
Her passions unabashed
The nectar flowed anon.

That Rush to Never Land

Who lives in separate
worlds, one real
The other imagined
In the dark

In the dark
You can never be alone
There is always us
and our thoughts too

There is anguish
In the dark
Still to escape the pain

there is pleasure too

Taking matters at hand
there is that little death
In the dark
that rush to never land

Towards Uncharted Shores

She made me wonder about
her secret collections of things
dainty, pink and orange lace
that fit her mood or place

Her Bikini Atoll … flowered
like loud Hawaiian shirts
Then one day she wore
a flowing purple skirt

She set sail from Maui
towards fabled shores
bright flowers and petals
billowing, fragrant in the breeze

She knew her hold,
then it dawned on me …

the feeling of knowing
yet setting away with it

This gave me a pleasure
I never thought possible
She knew that too
… the pleasure that is

The languid sailing
Waves like white elephants
afloat at our small table
amongst the coffee set

We sailed away together
Around the sugar cubes
and spoiled spoons
the empty cups too.

We have spirited Venus
to pilot us towards
uncharted shores
as happy as we are.

She Did Not Want

She did not want to

grow up, to know love and sex,
and beget children

From Behind the Moon

The moon … the half moon
appears from behind
its pink, silky cloud

Little by little, it opens up
one quarter here,
the other full across

Then it rises slowly
Hiding, sly … and shy
from behind the moon

This little man …
the boy in her moon
rises and peeks out

She feels happy
and wants to play
It is her lunacy.

Oh Well – They Are Enough

Admittedly, they are quite small
Twin curiosities at best
deceptions that belie their age
the true, the time … the test

I am not scared of them
But are they scared of me?
They sometimes poke or peak
then hide away you see.

They intrigue, these chirlish twos
that never grew, mere hills
short shrift, perhaps beneath the bill
but then again … so what

With time, they'll remain the same
when other mighty mountains slough
if ever needed they'll grow again
As such – oh well – they are enough.

The Key Cannot Unlock You

It's the pull
The measure of all things

You can't escape it
it's always there

Just when you think
You are alone

It bobs its head
to says I'm here

But you are there
at an unfair distance

The key cannot
unlock you

It jangles
on its chain

It's the pull
its here again.

Towards Eros, Lost and Found

Those Eros lost and found
And errors in a sorted life

Skirt you disaster here and there
Set thee coarse course, towards the dusk!

Led on by vesper's star
Sparkled against heaven's bent
Thrust upon the shallows, new spent
The shoals, the shawls, the gaule.

And when her hull is split
And Neptune's picturesques set in
Her boat shall float anew
awash with briny life

The flotsam will not come
Ere months and months on end
Instead a hull, new launched
Shall slip, then push … then crawl

To splash into the dawn
And in its time set sail
The morning star, its future bound
Towards Eros, lost and found

Trials Worthy of an English Gentleman

We are told the only two

trials worthy of an English
Gentleman are poetry and war
In life there’s not much more.

But I think we may perhaps
Leave out the act of making
War and try enough instead
The act of lust and love.

This brings more sparkle
To the eyes. It boils the
Blood in a much nicer way
than anger of fear ever may.

The more the passion so much so
mild mannered and inconspicuous
behind the reserve of it all
both gentle and a man.

What was it that Hemingway
Once said? If you are a writer you
Write, and if you are good at it
You write about things you know.

Then can you walk down
the boulevard of life without a care
and live by mere words ‘till

all that’s right’s laid bare.

It’s hard writing, but it’s an easy read
Sort of like life, prose in
So many syllables, but
Always the same in the end.

If life were no more simpler than
We are born, grow up.
Grow old, dénoument
Then period …. end of sentence.

Worked Upon by Words

When it comes to words,
are we merely content
to sit and read, to
surrender and drift away

To be taken, wherever
the prose flows
as captives to other’s
streams of thought

To be enchanted
cast upon by incantations

Tom tomed by the primitive
rhythms of the invisible

Worked upon by words
inked by others. The
loneliness of it all it all.
The tilt of prose, it's tall.

Atta girl, Smash the Glass … Would You Believe It

Help me I am caught
between the soft covers
of this silly book into which
I've fallen but can't climb out.

The scribe she wanted not
just money, nor mere fame.
She wanted to put the world
to tear and shame

Now she's trapped me
by her illogic of it all
her angry trite sentiment
and weeping wounded loneliness

She's really not abroad

but narrow like her books.
She’s an organ grinder
on her wooden post

And her explanations, are beyond
imagination, they’re divagination
Sis, everyone has their own troubles
Life’s more than just worries and fears

Why should we just scrape
through and let bewilderment
set the measure of all things
words, words, words. The pen is pest.

If it’s not the destination
then it is the journey
And I am wanted on
this voyage, really I am

Is it your rage then
that makes your vision
blur, or just bad
Insight. The picture’s clear.

She would claim of men
that there is only enough
blood to either think

or f**k, but not both.

And abreast of all
this the other ‘men
they bleed wisdom
the more the merrier

But she, well she’s birthed
A lulu, the monster’s in
the mirror, from you to us
She babbles and mocks

Atta girl, smash the glass
Would you believe it?
In her measure of things
Everything is below the belt.

Plain and Simple

How is it you can
come and just loathe
people, plain people
and in particular
their simple pleasures
more than anything
else, how come?

How is it you
Would rather be
lonely then happy
with someone else?
There are things
that can cause us
harm outside. You
wrap yourself in
warm blankets
happy to shield
against the storm
and cold, but its
just rough wool
plain and simple
so life's tough
Is it better to
live a truth, or
lie an ignorance.

A Soft Carpel from Which it Sips

The bee rubbed its abdomen
into the rich and succulent
Pollen, in complete abandon
in ecstasy, its thorax bent.

Rich nectar oozing from its tip.
It is delirious with its joy,
a portulent aft its nip,
but snatched up, no mere boy.

Its grand stinger's unsheathed
all rubbed raw but never used.
This cautious pointy beast
keeps himself busily amused.

His Nessus – a pink tulip
broad and unopened, a soft
carpel from which it sips.
Here's its stellation and its loft.

Nothing will bother this bee
not light, nor push, nor sway
It peers at all it sees
a thousand times its way.

Ah, this is its place
Here's its fuzz, its perch
where it dances in its daze
bares all in orgasmic lurch.

Oh, but if you poke your nose
unwelcomed in its private lair

if by chance you get too close

watch out – its best bee wary.

She Spread Her Legs

But she loved him and

He said he loved her as well

She spread her legs wide

Like Soft, White Feathers

Even amongst the grey

dullness of this day

the magical can be found

the majestic and profound

cloaking mountains like

soft, white feathers, light

to the shoulders of some

cabaret dancer – come

Sallie forth and float

for and true, coat

these mountains, changed

in this weather, range

from hard to harsh, to

soft, near and new

less verdant, but

fertile still, yet must

you be so treacherous? Invite

me to come, then spite

me. Slap across my face

let me fall from grace

I will look away

and climb where may

‘ere risk that little death

for that is what’s best …

A is for Adolescent Angst

A is for adolescent … Angst

B is for bawdy … biology

C is for constant … conflict

D is for damn … dumb

E is for endless … ennui

F is for fuddle … duddle … (I thought you said that!)

G is for gee … Go to

H is for Hell (after you …)

I is for innocent …indeed!

J is for Juliette … my sweet Juliette …

K is for knot … knowing …

L is for love … or is it lust?

M is for mummm … munchies

N is for naughty … neophyte …

O is for Ohhh …. organelles …

P is for psst …you know what

Q is for … quiff …

R is for Romeo … Romeo … where is my Romero?

S is for Wee … Willie … Shakespeare

T is for torture … torment

U is for … you know … that strong muscle …

V is for … that place south of Regina

W is for wild … Wild … WILD

X is for sex … rated …

Y is for why … why not …

Z is for zy … zy … zygote …

Yo, William!

It's a new world of words for me

Big words, strange words, words that

are old English.   A great while ago

the world began, oh can't we bury it away

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

But when I was a wee tiny lad,

I spelt them so, and was told

hey ho … and a hey nonino …

go spell them all over again!

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

The poems, the prose, the plays
ancient grudges! How now … Spirit!
… wither wander you? The witless
Wit wonders over hill over dale …
all the way to hell!

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

But those words they eclipse, the ancient
worlds of Egypt, of Rome, of Jerusalem …
art a joke! A play .. a play … My kingdom
for a play, by the bawdy bard!

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

A Merchant, a shrew, star-crossed lovers
such whore-able things … what's the Puc?
hey ho …the wind and the rain,
Let's play and shake our speares

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

I may be only fifteen, and still

growing up but learn me the words
And teach me their meaning,
give me great cur age, want wit

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

Come come King Lear, even
We fools know that he that
Has a house to put his head in
has a good head-piece!

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

When that I was a wee tiny boy
With hey ho, … the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
But now I‘m growing up ,,, hey ho

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, ho, and a hey nonino
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time the only pretty ring time

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers like the spring. With a
Hey ho the wind and the rain
Let us play Shakespeare again.

{Refrain :} Yo, William!

Titania

Queen of the Midsummer's
Princess of the Faeries
God has blessed her
With jewels that sparkle,
Orbs that titillate
And set men to lunacy.
Such splendor doth
Make Oberon jealous
Lest men do stray by moonlight.
She is Titanic … with
Her Play on words,
Her puns, her linguistic fun
But! Prey tell, anger
Her nought for she
Shall lock wits with
The witless and leave
You less a man …

A unique, cocklebind
And you the fool
Shall shake your speare
At her, then realize
Too late it has been thrown!
Come what might
She shall get to the
Bottom of it all
Of that is certain!
Sweet Titania, pink and white,
Dance your dance for us tonight
Fill the air with pixie dust
And magical perfumed lust
The centaurs, satyrs and minotaurs
With you in sight, will
Leave such marked appetite.
Let them then peer up to
The moon and thank heaven
For your graces, before seek thee
that other other place, your throne
where Cleopatra’s envy
doth remind us that the Nile,
the fountain of life, is the
Aethiop’s jewel, so much more
Splendid then that paltry bauble
Hung upon mere mortal men
And soft, we know with certain that

She Titania is our Faerie Queen.

She Has Gone a Great Distance

She has gone a great distance
leaving me forlorn, here
amongst the tears which fall upon
all from heaven above. Cast not
misfortunes that day by day
she remembers nought the
kindness, the softness, the
happy tidings. Let not the
sun burn her fair skin and
blind her to other things. Nor
the waves lap her legs above
her knees. She does not trust
the sea, you see. She would
rather not let herself be bait
to roving sharks. Or maybe
it is the salt, that assaults
her sensitive self. She prefers
a more tame and tranquil
place, where water falls from
the sky, afresh and anew.
Those pearls, azure, upon her
skin, pink and peach

caressingly soft …

She has not left me, she
is here in my heart

…. even though she has gone a great distance.

On Viewing Klimt's Danae for the First Time

It was hard-on the first view
not to imagine a story behind
the painting. It was in Klimt's
studio that they first met –
a pfenning muse amongst the
amusing naked models – tall
ones, short ones, chubby ones,
some bosoms more bountiful
than others, thin ones too, some
too young to admit, no hags
or rags here, just beautiful women
waiting to be immortalized. There
were blondes, brunettes and red
heads – Gustav loved red
heads – her name was Molly
and she was a dish. It was not
just the hair on her head

he adored, but the fiery red
in that other private place that
fixated his amorous loins
and drove his art, much more
than his heart. He sketched her,
then mollified her in a painting
of divine rape – if there was
such a thing. For longer was
Gustav a mere artist but a God,
And she not a mere moll but a diva.
Between her loins he set the molasses
Of him, for it could not be golden
Given his sickly state – Vienna
Had been too kind to him!
But no matter, she felt mollitious,
having dashed from one state of
bliss to another across Europa.
She was, after all, a plain and simple
woman – but Gustav painted her
with mollescent divinity, he her
Jupiter and she soon to give
life to their Perseid, a star
that fell from heaven, a
daughter. His love towards
her was mollitious, for he was
after all a mollusk. While
she was with child Jupiter

was off with Venus, in some other
sacred place. But Danae was
used to being mollycoddle and so
coddle her he did, her and their
mollymawk, red hair as well.

As I stood before this painting
It was hard-on viewing Klimt's Danae
For the first time – not to fall
Completely and utterly in love,
And wonder what became of them both …

He Wonders About Her

The more he thinks of her,
the more he wonders about
her appetites … her doubts,
and about what she fears …

She has had more lovers
than days in a fortnight,
but that's what gives her bite
–it's the pash that matters.

She knows what she wants
in life – an island-nation she is!

This is what makes her his …
He admires how she counts.

It's not the gathering of the bits
of this or that, the merging
of yang and ying, the surging
rush of ardour – life's hits.

It is her beauty, her laugh,
the wisdoms of what she speaks …
It makes him seem so meek
– his measure less than five and a half.

She sees this and grabs hold of him,
that beautiful softness, and squeezes tight!
He does not mind, nor has he fright,
he wonders about her – it's her whimsy.

When Jack is in the Box

The box, it lets us hide away
It is the place that says please stay!
For there is much pleasure in it.
And it's got its own bite …

Sometimes there's pain there two,

But that does not long last. Soon

It catches the best of us

Boys – its fêted by our lust.

Some a thread bare … some hid by rugs …

It snatches us, then tugs, tugs, tugs

And some even sing and talk

When Jack is in the Box.

What Brings Boys Joy

The boys

    They love their toys …

Like the girls

    Love their pearls.

Sugar and Spice

    And all things nice

Nah … Not the Boys

What brings them joy

    Are their sticks!

She Took Her Pain

He took his pleasure
She took her pain, then pleasure
Liking it so much

Once Again …

Once again I open my heart to someone
And once again dust is thrown in
The coals have all but gone out
The embers dulled and fizzled
So much for opening my heart to someone

Where does all the dust come from?
Is there a dust diva who hands
out buckets of the snuff,
with little instruction booklets;
first do this, then do that, then
with pleasure pollywack.

Ashes to ashes … dust to dust …
Where is the divine one with the
embers? Please toss me a few coals
before my heart forever grows cold.

Oh Dorothea!

She pulled her simple dress
off her body and over her head.
For a second her bare breasts
hung, pears to be plucked. Then
down her soft dark locks fell,
a curtain hiding her lush fruit.
There was an eagerness – her tell –
a hunger for a brute

And I saw her pink panties
too, crumpled moist and rucked
well into the best of her dainty
morsel! Do I have such luck!
I look around the room,
her place, the curious bed,
a cross on the wall, the doom
of the crucifixion and of dread.

A heavy pet just wasn't enough
now she's putting me to the test
and after all of that bluff
it's only human I guess.
She unbuckles my belt,
flicks her hair off her teats,

and asks me how I felt!
Now we’ve got to do it

she says and tugs down my pants
and all with such speed and skill
that the best of me is now at hand
yet her panties linger, cunneate still
- cunning girl – you’ve got to do it,
She pleads, and the opening act
begins, off comes the last of my kit.
She grabs at me – we tumble into the sack.

She smothers me, her breasts soft
flesh against my lips, milk gushes
hot, salty and sweet. It is her love
that’s in her taste, her lust. She tries to rush us
but I just suckle, utterly, a calf to a heifer.
And so her pears become pomegranates.
She presses hard against me, with effort
I could breathe, she takes my life for granted.

I pull her hair. She lifts her head.
I take in a mouth full of air,
the room spins, is it me or her? The bed
rocks – it’s her expectation – still her pair
of panties stay on. It is just too much!
She brushes against me, my eyes plead

She stares past me – she wants to push
She really wants us to do the deed.

Me! I am content to wait a bit
longer. She less so, that I know,
but I am happy to feast at her tit
and let the best of me stand and grow.
I could feel her through the cloth,
silk, soft and moist – was it her or me.
I thought, what is it she really sought?
There was only one thing to do but see.

I let my hand creep along her back,
down into her panties. Her skin was cold
and soft, a babe's bottom. Ah her rack
such feminine flesh … were I so bold
I would tear the cloth off her.
She squirts more milk into my mouth.
I squeeze her plumpness, kitty purrs
and starts to thrash about.

I open my mouth wide and suck
Her into me. I gulp her fullness –
exquisite jello – she starts to buck,
her chest glows warm like a furnace.
She wants to strip. I hold on
to her panties. Now she is the one

to wait. She thinks she's won
but it is I who now have the fun.

She reaches down and grabs me,
but not the point but the rung.
She squeezes. I close my legs. See
I can't wait. I tickle with my tongue.
She jingles me. Oh my god, my
god, my god. I bare my teeth.
She snarls and by and by
she's now all bare beneath.

I have no idea what I am doing.
She knows this – her breasts I push
From my mouth – her lips spring
to mine. I feel her curls brush
and tickle me. She moves down, I up.
We touch … her sex and mine .., it's exquisite.
What other way can this be described, cup
and saucer, the milk has been served. Is this it?

I move up – she moves away.
I grab her hips. She locks her knees.
I'm pinned! No not yet she says.
With me she can do as she please
And so she does. Cunnus forth and back.
She swings her hips and I keep time.

My pendulum swings back and forth,
My sack swings full of nickles and dimes.

She gushes, she floods, we kiss
Her breasts press full against my chest
She moves down, but somehow we miss.
She seems to know what's best
For both of us. Not Yet! My eyes focus
on the cross, while along her I slip.
Oh my god, my god, my god. She sighs
lovingly. I'm in the groove – this is it!

The best of her tickles the best
of me. What perfection! We stop
suddenly, as if it were time to rest,
but it is the feel of it. This can't be topped.
I can feel her pulse, she throbs,
Oh my god, my god, my god. Is this it?
I want to thrust but she fobs.
Entranced … aroused … by the swinging of her tits.

She starts to giggle with such glee
I start to giggle and jiggle too.
Now it's time! She unpins me
but I am not ready. What to do?
I'm scared – boys and their toys,
don't often play. Mine are brand new,

…unrapped. She knows this. I play coy
She bares down. Past her I flew.

A slip, sliding moment. It's lush!
She's annoyed with me – impatient in fact
All I can think to do is well … blush.
She bares down, but I pull back.
She chases me to and fro – seeking
to hide me away. She grabs the head
and guides me. My eye blind, a voyeur peeking
at the unworldliness of it, here in bed.

How do they know to do this? These girls
do they learn this at some secret school?
Such precious wisdoms … such perfect pearls
in the throws of her lust, she keeps her perfect cool
then slowly – oh so slowly her secondo lips
kisses the best of me. I dare not move.
Young pups don't know about such tricks!
It depends on what they try to prove.

She brings her legs together and squeezes tight.
Oh my god, … my God … My God!
She smiles in rapture. It is too much for me fight
I bring my legs together too …
what else am I to do?
She parries, I thrust …

Stop!
She wraps her hand round me
hoping to stem the flow,
But it was too late …
its in
Oh Dorothea!

Content to Know We Once Loved

At the end of this day,
as darkness starts to fall
What am I to say …
for it's loneliness that calls.

My love – she has gone.
She has been plucked from me,
and I am left here all alone
sad and foregone, as you can see.

Me, a kind and gentle man
was not vile enough for her.
So she sought all she can
and stole away with a wretched cur.

I and she fit hand to glove …
they like hand and whip.

Ours was the sanctity of love,
There’s the sharpness of the tips!

Oh, I remember my darling’s face,
her lovely eyes and red full lips.
How when we met she was such grace,
her happiness seemed her step.

She’d let me string her bodice tight
… go we to company and the dance,
then free her at the end of night,
to consummate our sweet romance.

For many months we loved like this
We slept together in such bliss
Then I one day awoke to find
My bed was empty – she was gone!

The night before a man she found
had taken such a fancy to her
This morn she’d gone to ground
… that damned is such a cur!

He had his way with her
and with such force … her pains
became her pleasures, lured
away he was by his disdain.

For all things good and nice
Her pleasures and her pains replete
In mortal sin she paid her price
No longer was she so new and sweet.

The devil, so cruel was he
he robbed her of her blessed soul.
Happy could she no longer be,
her blood … it ran so cold.

Then she saw him for what
he was, and late one night
at my door she reappeared, hat
in hand … they'd had a fight.

No longer was she that pretty
thing that I once knew, he led
her to her ruin – now she's petty,
her escape from real life her bed.

But now she is the one
to sleep alone – for it is I
who packed his bags, is gone
I must flee … erst I die.

The memory – how lost her

loveliness is, is what I see
When my eyes close. Here,
Alone … please leave me be.

Content to know we once
loved, but now love no more.
It has now been many months
since the closing of that door.

And what of my broken heart?
Make it amends? Perhaps with time.
but it’s best we stay apart
… her loneliness fits her crime.

Oh Brother! Watch Out for the Pink Ones

The baby butterfly was confused.
Where is my father she asked.
He is in heaven, dear … her mother said.

Female Butterfly eat their mate
after they copulate and procreate
It’s what their babies are made of

But you will not hear that
told by their fathers.

Oh Brother! Do stay away
from fluttering butterflies.

Especially the pink ones …

She's Just Along For The Ride

She has never known real pleasure,
only pain which she believes is
happiness. What is her treasure?
A stable of ruck buddies, her herd
of large maliciousness, that
ride her when she feels the urge
to take whip in hand, to don her riding hat,
and buck them, or stroke their fur.
But honestly … what tickles her fancy?

… After all giddy girls on horses ride their
… sex rubbing them hot against the saddles –
…is the stallion rucking the mare here,
… or the mare backing into the stallion?

She might be stoned, or even sober
It makes no difference. Her panties
drop with the mere grop

of their muzzles. She’s an addict,
she loves the ride but won’t admit it.
The stallions buck her around their paddocks
they dance and prance. She thinks she’s fit
riding them. They’re just fucking her
… And how do we know?
It’s a roll in the hay. It’s their feast.
She’s never been to the ‘*Big-O*”
Ranch with the plodding beasts.

Clip, klop, clip, klop, clip, klop
She’s just there for the ride.

It is I Who Flips the Silver

He was taught when
an angel visits you
your duty is to obey, then
you might grasp what’s true
about the world! The trouble is
there is no way to discern bad
from good, you might miss
the tell-tale, the cyphers, the sad
indifference … heaven from hell …
then where would you be,
- in that middle place?

Oh tell

me I have not erred. See

if I can stroke their feathered wings,

… but the devil and the dove do

sport them both. They both sing

a familiar song, … one sweet

the other less so.

They're two

sides of the same coin,

and it is I who flips the silver.

Bring on the Rain

The smell it came before the rain
as powerful as the clouds. The sky
itself did not stay unchanged.
It moved without a sound.

The day, well, the day stood still
unlike the clouds that hurried past.
The mist broke upon the hill
the haze, the vapour, would not last.

And in the sky the horrid sun
bore down upon the world. It fought
a battle it might have won

were it not fleeing from its lot.

The cursed sun, be gone, be gone
the damage you have done … leave …
Bring on the rain, the torrential
rain, the unmitigating run.

Hug me for I am lonely

“One Pair, Baby shoes, never used.”

Hug me …
for I am lonely.

Whilst Absinthe Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

Vincent … my stars shine bright
They simmer like diamonds of sand
Oh draw you in, come let me laugh
Away the moon and azure land

A light that in our darkness rise,
in sordid public house, where one can set
to one’s own ruin … go mad …commit a crime

growl gruff, hallucinate … ere nightmare get

Partake, I must this verdant sin
not once … not twice … not in between
let loose the dogs, yes lure me in
then ask me not where I have been.

Lie here, I must, against the spin
how else can I redeem my soul?
Pray catch the chaos that is within
and fortify my heart against the cold.

A sun here burns within my soul
Whilst absinthe makes the heart grow fonder
Why! No one ever comes to harm, old
Selves that burden us to blindly wonder.

Is there a God that truly knows
What we want better than ourselves?
Who helps us where we dare not go
And paint away unhappy lives?

This I say to you …

Remember when I am gone
And colour not my story
Whilst in life I was a soul foregone

In death, sun’s flowers are my glory

Not Enough Joy

For her one love was
not enough joy, so she took
on many lovers.

Is It Eden After the Fall?

What ever could it be that brings us strife?
If I am to be blamed for anything, let time
weigh lightly upon my conscience. I have enjoyed life
to its fullest. I have only to think, what crime
is there in this? We live, we love and soon
thereafter time catches up with us all.
The bell tools, it tolls, it tolls ... is it doom
that beckons, or is it Eden after the fall?
Or is it that the bells ring and ring
that heaven rejoices in the spice and fire
that's been my life? Do the angels sing
that I have found all that I desire ---
    Is it a litany of praise?   Is the community of thought
    that I have found in life all that I sought!

Is it the Dark Abyss of Death You Fear?

While the dawn cometh before us, we face
the dusk differently, knowing much more
then when our task was ‘take a first breath!” Graced
by an unknowing and terrifying journey, before
we understood ourselves and the world – now
things are much different. We have grown old …
time had passed in its mortal toll. How
much we regret, those tasks left undone, told we –
leave it until tomorrow. Well, it has come –
the morrow, and the sorrow, time cannot be overturned.
Let the clocks run down, look nought in a mirror!
That inevitable, unhappy friend cannot be spurned,
    And is it the dark abyss of death you fear,
    or is it growing old and frail, my dear?

Her Beauty is so Real and Kind

It was her smile, that lovely smile
that softened my heart. It chipped away
the hardened cast, that had trapped awhile
that which had been shattered to pieces. Say
a word or two of simple grace, continue on
– for more words need be said. Her grace
is far from simple. Then on me it dawns

that the heart is that hidden place
where the great softness of us sits – blind
to those vulnerabilities that give us fright.
But her beauty is so real and kind
her love doth be this mistress' delight!
    Pray tell, let me bow, let me love your sure
    For I know her beauty shall endure.

You Don't Remember Do You?

Please forgive me.
I have forgotten
your name, but
not the fullness
of your breasts,
where we had
met … but not
the wetness of you.

But then again
you don't remember
do you …
You don't
remember my name
just the thrust
of our last

encounter.

Your smile says it all.

In His Dreams He Was Loved

The night came and he slept
alone, like he always did.

He slept as one, himself.
He had forgotten what
pleasure meant, the warmth
of touch, the happiness. His
missed fortune weighed heavily
upon his heart. He would
rather dream than be awake.

In his dreams he was loved –
he was not alone.

The night came and he slept
alone and dreamed,
as he always did.

The Likes of You

Roses are red
and tulips are blue,
these flowers are pretty
but not as pretty as you.

These flowers are soft,
but not as soft as you are.
Their petals do not draw
my heart as yours do.

Roses and tulips are sweet
but not as pleasing as you
when you are exultant –
your splendour is unequalled.

Roses and tulips – they
pale in their beauty
when set besides
the likes of you.

Dans Le Jardin des Etoiles

A child looks up into the starry night.
A boy sees warriors with arms bare

A girl sees goddesses with flowing hair.
They do not see what adults might.
Nor what makes these stars shine bright.
Only twinkle, twinkle, little friend, how
Beautiful you are – bar none. Only now
Perhaps with time they'll see the light.
They'll cease to be so silly – sadly
Dans le jardin des etoiles,
times passes fast.

Her Beauty Shall Endure

It was her smile, that lovely smile
that softened my heart. It chipped away
the hardened cast, that had trapped a while
that which had been broken into pieces. Say
a word or two of simple grace, continue on
– for more need be said. Her grace
is far from simple. Then on me it dawns
that the heart is that hidden place
where the great softness of us sits – blind
to those vulnerabilities that give us fright.
But her beauty is so real and kind
her love doth be this mistress' delight.
Pray tell, let me bow. Let me love you sure
for I know her beauty shall endure.

The Poetess

The poetess enjoyed her freedom
She could write where and when
ever she wanted. It was her fancy.

She smiled whenever she recited
her poetry in public, for her words
quickened her in their remembrance.

She remembered the moments
of ecstasy as she stroked and
petting the keys of her machine.

Her words flowed freely then,
and only then when she was
free to tickle her fancies.

She Was So Happy

She slept all day, so
She could sleep around all night.
She was so happy

I Have Lived For Art

I have lived for art.
I have lived for love.
They are nere apart.
But do I get enough
of either in a day?
Yes, if that day is full
of happiness and play.
Then I need not mull
as to whether I have
done all I can. It's
in the evidence of kind,
that my life be fully mine.

To Feel the Heat and Touch the Heart

I spend another night alone
in dreams of that other place,
where only peace and happiness grows
where bows, and belles, and pink lace
dance amidst the headiness of time,
where light is light, and joy is joy,
where being blissful is not a crime,
where one's heart is not a toy
and visages light the surreal day.

So ask me not, why then do I
return to that which is the real – I pray
one day, to stay among the bows,
the belles, the pink, the lace
to feel the heat, and touch the heart
of one who will never want to be apart

In the Middle of the Night

In the middle of the night
when all are asleep but I
what keeps me awake is fright,
that inescapable fear that I may die
before I wake. The clock strikes three
It is fatigue that catches me, and will
with certainty soon set me free
of that what binds me still
to my life, and how I am to be.
Then I drift to bless'd dream
that blissful state of willful being
without a care at all it seems,
with clos'd eyes and open'd mind
Seeing that fright is not death, but life.
Awake me nought for I slumber still.

Unwrap Me and Savour the Sweetness of Life

It was the touch electric, her
hand upon mine. I looked
up to see two shining eyes, sure
of herself, she smiled. This took
me by surprise, for I knew she
liked me, but how much, now
I knew it was more like love, be
may what it comes, now how
could there be any doubt, here
was someone who wanted to
unwrap me, and savour
the sweetness of life in its
fullness, so I smiled back.
Ah well, I could not stop her
nor would I want to. For I
knew what it was, and let it be

If They Love Their Flowers

What flowers do when we aren't
watching – am I old enough to know?
They have male and female parts
so close together as they grow ...
the stamen, the carpel, soft petals,

filaments, anthers and pollen
– sperm by any other name – that settles
on everything, drawing us all, and calling
the bees, with their stingers, out to play
in the middle of spring and summer days.
When we give a flower to a pretty girl,
if they love their flowers,
we too set the world
into male and female parts.

Something Pink and Flower Like

I try to imagine
how she might look.
How her petals might
curl like something
pink and flower like.
How she is plentiful
and would put Andromeda
to shame. The summer
is young – the sun
it has begun to shine.
The days are bright
They might get hotter
still. The dew might
flow and fill the air

with that indescribable
perfume that draws
us to savour the softness
of something that is
pink and flower like
Oh how the tulips
Blossom.

She For Her Art, And Me For Her

We made love –
she with her f-stop
and me with my body,
caressed by the camera
angles and apertures.
She was an artist,
and I her model and muse.
Hot blood rushed
through our bodies
and love, she for her art,
and me for her as well.

Je T'Aime

Je t'aime

mon amis de Paris
Je t’aime beaucoup.

We Are All Fortune’s Fools

This voice that quickens and strains,
battles against the howling wind, against the onset
of all that ails, and all that pains.
This stolen season, of beauty and of youth begets
but disappointment – time marches on –
for all, be they kings or paupers, queens or concubines,
Death is not a battle that can be won
by such a thing as us. How can we find
solace in the fragility of our soul?
That which helps us sleep, all that makes us grave
is also that that which makes us bold.
Our hearts it beats away the hours and the days.
It holds all ecstasy and all strains, until
one day this voice, it too speaks no more.
We are all fortune’s fools!

But Then Life Caught up with Her

Love t’was a few years
But then life caught up with her

Her big breasts sagged

It Fits Your Fancy

If you want it –
grab it. It’s there
for you. It fits
your fancy, for where
else could it be
so bare? It’s art
n’est ce pas? See
it knows – this part
that set’s the mood,
the model, the muse,
is for you. Soon
the moment will lose
its magic – then what?

The Kind, The Gentle , The Soft

Only in my dreams
does she live in my life.
The realness of it – seems
that she is my wife.
The kind, the gentle, the soft,

the mother of my children, and
someone who does lift
me up every time I stumble.
She smiles and lights up
our world. Her breasts
sustains our children, and I.
No life is in the balance –
she doesn't storm barricades.
She is happy in her own life –
sadly she is not in mine.

Splendour Conceals Itself

Shut my eyes and count down from ten.
Ten – we are together, all alone, she and I
Nine – I open my eyes, she leans forward
Eight – I kiss her, she kisses me in back
Seven – we are in a passionate embrace
Six – I am struggling with her buttons, she mine
Five – her clasp pops open, splendour reveals itself
Four – our body warmth heats the room
Three – my shirt, pants and are all, she grabs me
Two – next her blouse, skirt and panties, I grab her
One – flesh on flesh, she snatches me up
Eros – oh, oh, oh, splendour conceals itself.

At The Edge of Ideas

Life falls into idle patterns!
The sun rises, is overhead, then sets.
We are born, grow up, grow old.
Do we die if we have done art
or wrote poetry, prose or short stories?
I live in the middle of the night
when I know the rest of the world
sleeps – while I scribe, and therefore am.
I sometimes wake, as if in a dream
to see that life is not what seems –
My dreams tell me so; two plus two
is one-one (base three) and 69 is an
even number ... as appetites go.
Here I am at the edge of ideas.
Then I stare at the clock and time
slows to a stop, and before I know it
life once again falls into gentle patterns.
Time for coffee, breakfast, busy-busy.
The sun rises, the rain falls – I owe, I owe,
it's off to work I go. It's all checkers!

The Day I Became a Man

With a swing of his hips

Patrick began to strip
To tremendous applause
he took off his drawers ...

And began his gig
to classical music it was
Gabriel’s Oboe, from wig
to wigeon, Yo Yo Ma

Cello! They had never
seen such a thing!
It sent them into fever
The Artist Model

A swing from love to lust – wow!
They loved it – right down
to the red feather, slow
deliberate and now ...

I let the feather drop ...
There’s not a dry
pair of panties in the flop
the boys are hard too!

Try to top that!
They can’t ... I win
The hearts of everyone

in the place – Burlesque!

This was the Day I became a man ;P

What Am I Doing Wrong?

It’s Saturday night and I’m home alone,
Fine wine, deluxe pizza, and an action flick.
It’s Thunderball – James Bond.
I’ve no place to park my prick.
I should be out and enjoying life
to its fullest, chasing skirts, flirting,
making babies, but I am not. What strife,
my loneliness, it’s really hard and hurting
me. I’m tipsy and my bottle’s empty. The film’s all
but over. And it is not yet nine. What am
I doing wrong? Other men are getting more
out of life – their cats meow ... Damn
maybe it is because I am a bore,
maybe I don’t know how to stroke
the cat’s fur – my pussies don’t purr. This
cat’s not even on the prowl – growl.

What is a Man to Do?

She wore her dress
Like a seraphim
Dresses the moon –
Velvet soft and stylish too.

What is a man to do
But wonder how perfection
Is so natural to her air
As an angel’s loving fair.

And the Wind Carried Her Words

The words she shared
wrote happiness in the air.
A poetess at heart,
she wrote of love
in her own way
and in her own words

And the wind carried
her words across the night,
across the water too,
and the moon smiled
at her loveliness.

Between Two Who Love

EROS – her name

arouses that which
only softness and
intimacy can bring
between two who love,
who know each other’s
inner parts, their hearts,
their hopes, their dreams,
their loneliness too, and
know to kiss and hold
each other closer still.

She Was No Longer Young

Her source of life had
all dried up. She was no longer
young, nor lusted for

I'm Heming My Way Through Life

Yes, I am a lush
The bottles lined up
Next to my door
Tells you so, but I
Am a good lush.

I giggle when I drink,
The wine helps me when I think.
My written words flow – a bottle of wine
Lets me feel oh so very fine.

I cut out the patterns of ideas
And stitch together my thoughts
And I'm earnest in my words too
I'm heming my way through life.

On The Sixth Day at the Sixth Hour

God made women's breasts
To make us men envious ...

For nothing is so soft
nor so mystically magical,
nothing shaped so perfectly

as those proud reminders
that we all come from
a divine place
and are gifts from God.

Women’s breasts were created
on the sixth day at the
sixth hour – and afterwards
God stopped to ponder – she
had won an award for
the creation of woman,
and their beautiful breasts.

Oh Please Do!

Two lips,
soft and inviting
as velvet as
a rose is soft
and beautiful

I kissed her
and she said
oh kiss me again
... oh please do!

And so I did
and she smiled
warm inside ...
velvety warm.

Can You Guess?

Why are you looking at me like that?
Have you never seen a penis before?

No ... May I?

Be gentle ... don't pull. Ummm

What a boy toy! Why are you looking at me like that?

You're so hidden away.

Here give me your hand

What ... is that?

Have you never touched a girl before?

No ...

It’s a girl toy ...

May I?

Be gentle ... don’t pinch. Ummm

And what are these?

Breasts, gentle ... they’re my boys ...

Oh ... my god, they are so soft!

You don’t have them, ‘cause boys don’t make babies.

... but girls do! And what’s this?

Can you guess?

Its smiling at me ...

It’s my vagina. This is where babies come from ...

may I touch?

ee i’m

It’s as soft ... as soft ... as pink velvet.

... cc coming.

Wow!

It is the Pleasure of it, N’est ce Pas?

When you take things in hand
It is for the pleasure of it
N’est ce pas? It’s not just
To paw away the time,
Or plow a furrow, or
Rack away the afternoon?

Is it because you are bored
And I am close at hand?
Do you love me, or am
I just a thing to play with –
Something whose fancies you tickle,
because you are who you are?

It is the pleasure of it, n’est ce pas?

Of Things to Come

The radio is playing our song
A slow adagio we once danced to by Barber

Maybe it was a premonition
of things to come.

You use to weep to the music –
now I understand why

The Ballerina in Pink

I watched her dance on stage
the ballerina in pink.
She was so magical.

I had to close my eyes
to imagine she was a real
woman and not some angel.

To imagine she lived no different
than someone who sleeps and
dreams of a better life

than the one she dances to

every night before the beastly crowd.

But Now It is the Number I Love Most

I love the number sixty-nine

You can flip it downside up
and it still feels fine

It’s an odd number!
It’s not divisible by two,
but is divisible by three

And strangely so, when I was
young I did not care at all for it

but now it is the number I love most

Age Had Took Its Toll

They laid her to rest,
what little was left of her,
age had took its toll.

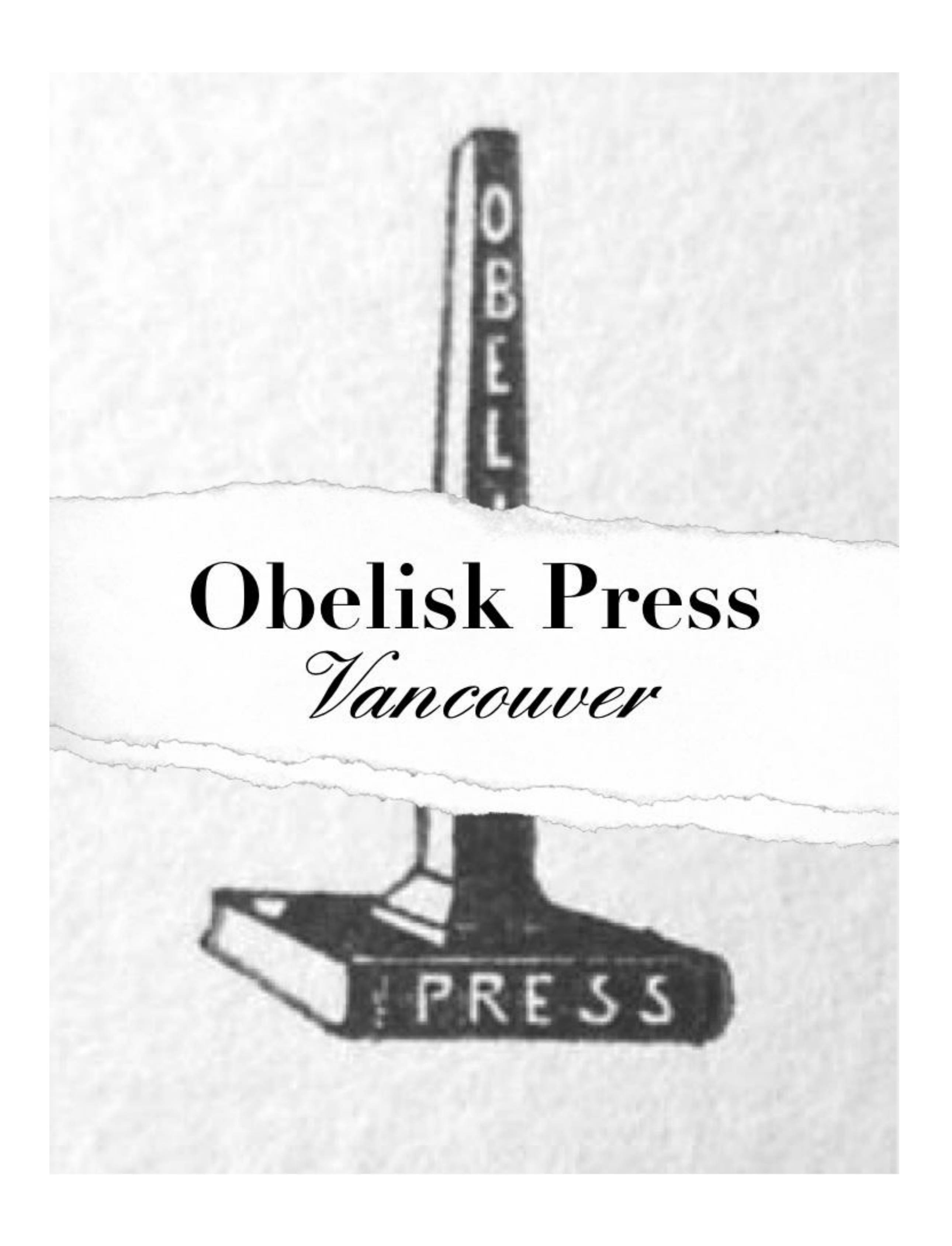
A Toy to Her Cause.

She bent down on him so hard
she bent him out of shape.
He tried to push them apart
but she would not have it – rape!

She was hell bent to have her way
with him. She had chased after him
until he was exhausted – she had her say
and began to take him apart, limb by limb.

It was not even pleasant. It was all forced!
Her pleasure came first, of him she cared
not – he was just a toy to her cause
Under her, he was all spent and scared

But she pressed on, a mountain atop him,
An erupting volcano, Vesuvius
and finally he popped and was covered in her ash.


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